

# THE GATEWAY

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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1922

FOUR PAGES

## Letter From A Freshman To His Big Brother Joe

Edmonton, Oct. —, 1922.

Dear Brother Joe:—  
I been pretty dog-gone busy since I got here and so I ain't had no chance to write you till now. But now that things has begun to slack off some perhaps I can be a bit more regular in my correspondence and let you and Sis know what kind of life us intellectual blokes leads. For take it from me, Joe, our daily existence up here is a far different thing from what you and me got used to down in Seven Persons. But then perhaps I better begin at the beginning and work up so that the startling things that has happened to me won't shatter your nerves all at once. Besides you never was as quick as me about getting the hang of things, was you Joe?

**Train Experience**  
Well Joe, you remember that day, I waved a fond farewell to you and Sis from the back of the caboose? Say! after I got about twelve (12) miles away I wanted to get right off and go back. I began to wonder whether this higher education stuff was all it is cracked up to be, and by about this time I would have given a whole lot to be back with you and Sis in the movie show and go home afterwards to the good old beans and coffee. However I got over that feeling after a while and then I commenced to think of my future career. I went up into the smoking coach to do all this brain exercise and set down near a pleasant looking guy who had evidently misfired with his scrambled eggs that morning. I thought he'd be pleased if I offered him one of my neckties, his being so kind of spotted, so I says in my cheerful friendly way, "you know Joe, that charming manner I have with strangers—I says, 'Say, Mister, won't you accept a tie from me?'" And I offered him my best neck-piece, being that one that Sis got for me in Medicine Hat just before the war. But by gosh! do you know, that guy just sat and looked at me in a kind of vacant way and never opened his yap to say yes or no. Funny thing, eh Joe? But I guess he must have seen that I was too shy to accept. I guess I gotta be more careful now that I'm a college boy—now that I mix with what you used to call the proletariat. I learned since he was just some common bum who was up here on a Montreal Board of Trade picnic.

**Ambrose Meets Ernie**  
The first day we got here we all had to register. This ain't got nothing to do with a hot air furnace like you think, but its the bunk you gotta go through to get into the institooshun. You remember when you

joined the 113th Battalion you had same except that I've found its a sight safer not to do any swearing. We all were interviewed by a dreamy-looking guy and then had to go up to the Registrar's office—they call it the General's office here. I didn't know where it was so I looked about and at last I seen a sort of inoffensive little chap talking to an old man. The old man went away and as he went he says "Good-bye Ernie." I was tickled to death to know what his name was and so I says in my cheerful friendly way, "you know Joe, that same old charming manner—I says, 'Say, Ernie, where's the General's office?'" He looked at me in a kind of funny way and I began to have a hunch I'd spilled the beans somehow. But anyway he pointed out the way and I walked off being careful to say thank you. Because you know Joe, I always am very careful to say thank you to anybody that does me any little service like hotel porters and things. Just as I was moving off someone comes up to Ernie and says respectful-like, "Good morning, Dr. Sheldon!" Say, I felt like a pfenning at a low rate of exchange and I guess I looked it too. Funny thing, eh Joe? But I'll bet that chap was a third year or maybe even a fourth year medical student, although I didn't know as they got that Doctor preface till they was real out and out bone setters. But that's just the way. You learn something every day here.

**"Teevie" Discovered**  
Anyhow I pushed off to the General's office. I aint found out yet why they call it that because all I could see when I got in there was rows and rows of beauteous damsels all beating on a typewriter. But I wasn't going to make no more mistakes and so when a man came up to me on the other side of the counter I says in my cheerful friendly way, "you know Joe, only this time a little more respectful—I says, 'Good morning, General.'" Well its just as I said Joe, you learn something every day. And the next doggone Freshman that came up to him says "Hello Teevie," just like that. Funny thing eh Joe? But this Teevie is no more a general than I am. I guess they only got that sign on the door to fool us fresh guys.

**Freshman's Privileges**  
Well I guess I better get ahead with this letter or I'll miss my physies lab. After I'd got decently registered a sort of inferior looking cheese came up to me and said he

(Continued on page four)

## HINTS ON AFTER DINNER SPEAKING

Dr. Alexander Addresses Debating Society.—Critiques Impromptu Speeches

On Monday, Nov. 13, Dr. Alexander addressed the Debating Society on the subject of After-Dinner Speaking. As the speaker pointed out after-dinner speaking was becoming a very dismal art, an art which had not been improved by prohibition. Still it was an art and an art worth great development for it played a large part in public life.

Many speakers are hampered by the feeling that they must tell a funny story. This is an art in itself so if the person is not especially adapted to it, it is better to avoid it. However, the speaker must be bright to prevent the coming of that gloom which so often comes upon the audience at speech time.

The speaker must catch the mood of his audience. He should not be too long or too short; both are grave defects. He should have something to say, say it, and then stop. If the eyes of his audience are wandering, he should close his speech or liveen it up for he has lost his grip on them.

Dr. Alexander then went on to show the value of impromptu speaking in general. Fully three-quarters of the times when one is called upon to express his ideas it will have to be done without preparation.

At the close of Dr. Alexander's talk a number of impromptu toasts on the subjects used at University banquets were proposed. Those taking part were Messrs. Campbell, Neilson, Newson, Cassels, Bryan and McDonald. Dr. Alexander then gave a very enlightening criticism of the toasts.

On Monday, Nov. 27, the subject of the Closed vs. the Open Shop will be fought out.

The first man that began to think in this planet of ours, he was the beginner of all.

—Carlyle.

## BUSY STUDENTS COUNCIL MEETING

Committees On Sweaters and On Standing of Students Appointed

The Students' Council held a meeting on Wednesday, November 15th, at which the following important business was transacted.

Having felt for some time the necessity of the University adopting distinctive sweaters and sweater coats, a direct step was made toward attaining this end when a committee was appointed to go fully into the question. This committee, the personnel of which is May Webster, Lucille Barker, Keith Muir and Clare Manning, will report design and price quotations for the approval of the council.

The council in consultation with Sheriff Krause, appointed the following constables:

Senior—Hugh Teskey, Charles Reid.

Junior—Dunc McNeill, Ralph High.

Sophomores—Mr. Robinson, F. J. Carlyle.

Freshmen—Ross Cooper, Mr. Sheppard.

Owing to the anomalous position in which students taking combined courses and those taking Medicine are placed with reference to their status, at certain stages of their course, a committee of three, Marjorie Bradford, Walter Herbert and Hugh Teskey was appointed to draft a solution of the difficulty.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

A meeting held on Friday Nov. 17, at 5 p.m. in 342 Arts, preceded by a members' tea. Mr. Sanderson gave a very interesting talk on his Summer work in geological reconnaissance survey work west of Rocky Mountain House.

Uneasy lies the tooth that wears the crown. Queen's Journal.

## Aunt Priscilla at the Rugby Game

By Barbara Villy

The door slammed—and Aunt Priscilla poured herself another cup of tea, as she looked wistfully out of the window. It was always the same—nothing but Rugby, Rugby, and never any time for anything else. It was every bit as bad as the baseball fever in the days of old when Jim used to seize a piece of bread "on the fly", and tear out again with shining eyes, hot sticky face and hands, and hair that travelled wildly in all directions, as he brandished his bat savagely, and blurted out hoarse mysterious mutterings about fouls and home runs. But then he was a little boy, and now he was, to all intents and purposes supposed to be a man, with a profession in the office, and the studies of a University to work at. Just the same, Aunt Priscilla turned uneasily, but as her eyes fell on the little red maple leaf on the white ground hanging on the wall, her looks changed, as she thanked God it was not in a far graver and more serious game that Jim was playing. She wondered what Rugby was anyway. She didn't particularly admire Jim's uniform on such occasions. She couldn't understand why he was so careless about tearing his sweater when he played—and as for the 'cap affair' he had to wear, why she had told him herself, it was no better than one of the old fashioned lids for her suet pudding basins!

Once, a year or so ago, in one of the long winter evenings, Jim had amused himself by drawing a diagram of the field to Aunt Priscilla, and explaining to her all the plays—and she, dear old soul as she was, had told him that she understood perfectly and was sure she could even play it herself. But Jim always wanted to discuss the game and really it was very inconvenient for poor Aunt Priscilla.

This afternoon, over the fire, she was thinking over it harder than ever. Perhaps it really was a little selfish of her to be so little interested in this strange and wonderful Rugby. . . . A sudden idea came into her mind, and her kind little grey eyes lit up. She would go and see for herself what it was like—the Great Game that she had heard so much about, at 3.30 on the Varsity Grid.

No sooner said than done, and it was not very long before Aunt Priscilla had duly taken up her position along the side line. She could easily recognize Jim by a patch that she had sewn onto his sweater the day before, so the game bid fair to be a good one.

But what strange positions they took! Why did they all look as if they were grovelling upon the

ground? Some one shouted various numbers out in a hoarse, unmusical voice, and then, just as soon as they got nicely started somebody else blew a whistle, and they had to stop. Very odd—very odd. Then came a real blow—she saw the beloved Jim deliberately and consciously knock somebody down—her Jim, the ever gentle nephew! But perhaps the ones who most perplexed poor Aunt Priscilla were "two young un-informed men who ran long the side line with a piece of string between them." She could not quite decide whether they were doing this to amuse the spectators—but they made a terrible noise!

Suddenly yells arose from the lines, and Aunt Priscilla saw Jim running his hardest up the field with two malevolent creatures making frantic dives at his ankles.

"The beasts! How dare they?" she cried aloud—and the crowd went on yelling and yelling—till, at last, the play seemed to stop for a while, and the cheering grew even louder.

"That's another five," screamed a fair Co-ed at Aunt Priscilla's shoulder. "Good old Jimmie! That was a peach of a touch!"

Aunt Priscilla beamed delightedly. She could tell by the tone of the voice that Jim had done something creditable.

That night when Jim came home, Aunt Priscilla was sitting by the fire just as usual—though, perhaps, her cheeks were a little pinker than usual, and there was a general air of excitement about. She went over to Jim somewhat nervously and put her hands on his shoulders.

"Good old Jimmie," she said, still beaming with pride and admiration. "That was a peach of a touch!"

Jim's eyes opened wide. "Why—why—Aunt Prissy!" he exclaimed. "What in the —? I mean—they told me you were there, but I told them they were bugs."

"They weren't bugs, Jim," replied Aunt Priscilla quietly. "But, my dear, why is it that they have to sit on one another so much? And how do they decide who is to be underneath? Do they draw lots for it?"

Then both of them laughed—laughed till the tears ran down their faces—and all evening they kept open for Rugby conversation.

Gradually Aunt Priscilla dropped off to sleep over her knitting, tired and sleepy from so much unusual excitement.

"No," she murmured dreamily. "It was a mixture of an end run and a drop-kick—that counts twelve points—bugs—and then they converted it into—a peach of a touch. Good old Jimmie!"

## MARS HOROSCOPE HAS TWO ASPECTS

The Natural Forces of Peace and War So Nearly Balanced Our Influence May Decide

Convocation Hall was well filled on Wednesday evening when Prof. Burt addressed a public meeting of the Philosophical Society on the Horoscope of Mars. He began with he dark side of the horoscope and outlined the forces in the world which he thought were tending to perpetuate wars. The first of these was the difficulty which confronts the League of Nations in distinguishing between external and internal affairs. This was the reef on which the Concert of Europe was wrecked a century ago and our League is dangerously near it. Another cause of war is the strong racial sentiment. Each race wishing to spread its particular civilization and expand its territorial possessions comes into violent conflict with other races actuated by similar motives. A still more inexorable obstacle to peace is the geography of our globe which absolutely refuses to supply the necessary strategic and commercial frontiers. The constantly changing forces of the world make it equally impossible to fix boundaries as they are; we cannot make a static world. All these sources of discord are aggravated by mob psychology which is seen as strongly in the nation as in any other mob.

Then he passed from this gloomy outlook to the brighter aspects of the horoscope. He pointed out that war, which is now so terrible, so all-embracing, and so expensive, will destroy civilization if civilization cannot destroy it. One of the forces of civilization is the industrial revolution which has made the nations more interdependent and which has given rise to an international ideal strengthened by such organizations as international labor congresses. The humanitarian movement is another comparatively recent development which is applying tests of morality to the actions of nations. Another hopeful sign is the breakdown of the theory of undivided sovereignty of the state which has been the cause of many bloody struggles. In conclusion Prof. Burt pointed out that if the world is allowed to drift along there is no guarantee that we will not be caught in the

## PROFESSOR SMITH ADDRESSES DRAMAT

Makes Criticism of "Belinda" and "You Never Can Tell"

Those interested in the study of dramatics counted it a privilege to hear Mr. Stanley Smith in his interesting comparison of the plays "Belinda" (Milne) and "You Never Can Tell" (Shaw), in the Waukegan Rooms on Friday afternoon, Nov. 17, 1922.

This was the second of a series of discussions of the drama to be held during the season under the auspices of the Dramatic Society. After a delightful tea served while the guests assembled, Miss Maryat introduced the speaker.

Mr. Smith first pointed out the necessity of studying the drama as an art, not merely an amusement. Giving as characteristic fundamentals of the drama, action, characterization and dialogue, he went on to show how the dramatist makes use of them. Action appears to be the important feature of drama, the thing which carries the theme along and may be either physical or mental. It must be modified, however, as all action is not dramatic. Keeping these points in mind, Mr. Smith then went on to examine the plays in question. He found many similarities. Both are comedies of sex and in each the father has been absent for 18 years. But the important situations in Belinda are highly improbable as against those in "You Never Can Tell," being quite plausible. In Belinda the whole further action of the play rests on the improbable fact that Belinda fails to recognize Tremayne because he no longer wears a beard. In You Never Can Tell, the meeting of husband and wife is avoided in the first act by a skillful manipulation of exits. To illustrate the clumsy treatment of exits in Belinda, Act II was read by Lucille Barker, Bee Simmons, E. Collier, Morrison and Rober, and was met with sincere and merited applause.

whirlpool of war and annihilated, but on the other hand if people face the situation squarely and take advantage of the forces of peace, there is no reason why we may not safely pass the danger.

## VACHEL LINDSAY

by Professor E. K. Broadus

"What did you think of Vachel Lindsay?" For several days after Mr. Lindsay's visit the question took the place of "Delightful weather, isn't it?" as the stock form of greeting on the campus. But back of the question lay something more than mere conversation-making. Right or wrong, good or bad, Lindsay was at least provocative. It is true that the conventionally-minded dismissed him with a contemptuous: "Oh, a mere vaudeville performer!" Contempt for the unconventional, the unfamiliar, is the pose which intellectual timidity assumes in self defence. To such, Lindsay was not provocative; he was only mildly irritating. But to the open-minded and the thoughtful, there remained, after Lindsay's riotous performance was over, the insistent question: "If Shakespeare is poetry, if Milton and Wordsworth and Shelley and Keats and Tennyson are poetry, what in the name of 'Cally-ope' is this?" At first, perhaps, the question seemed to answer itself. If they are, this isn't. But on second thoughts, a doubt interposed. Aren't we, perhaps, confusing the accessories of poetry with the essence of it? Is rhyme essential to poetry? Milton called rhyme "the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre." A regularly recurrent metrical pattern, William Blake called fixed metres a "monotony not only awkward but as much a bondage as rhyme itself."

Is a special "poetical" vocabulary essential? Wordsworth affirmed that "there neither is nor can be any difference between the language of prose (he qualified it afterwards by saying, the best prose) and metrical composition." Are "poetical" subjects—lords and ladies, romance and stargazing and moonshine—essential? Wordsworth thought that, at least for what he was trying to do, "low and rustic life was better because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and (note the word) "speak a plainer and more emphatic language." Are refinement of theme and refinement of manner essential? One recalls that utterance of Walt Whitman's which rocked his contemporaries with derisive laughter:

"The spotted hawk swoops by me and accuses me, he complains of my gab and my loitering. I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable, I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world."

And yet Whitman is acclaimed today not only in his own country, but also—and even more—in cooler and more judicious England, as a genuine and enduring poet.

After all, doesn't it seem as if poetry might still be poetry even without most of the traditional conventions and refinements and delicacies? And isn't it possible that Whitman's characterization of his own poems may have a wider application:

"The words of my book nothing; the drift of it everything?" Lindsay, the man? Well, grant his crudeness. Grant, if you like,

that he suffered from an excess of manner and a deficiency of manners. But the crudeness of the man need not blind one to the really fine thing that the man is doing, nor to the energy and imaginative power which he brings to the doing of it. If he had said: "Now, my friends, I'm going to give you an imitation of the sounds of the various motor-horns on the Santa Fe trail, and if his imitation had been wonderful and yet again wonderful and after that, but all whooping," it would still have been nothing but "vaudeville." But beyond these mere vocalizations lay the fact that he had caught a note of beauty in a raucous and dusty world, and that he had given that beauty expression. Isn't that the essence of poetry? Moreover, it was not for the super-refined critic that this poem was written. He could, I imagine Lindsay saying, take it or leave it. But the men who drove those cars, men of whom most perhaps were as raucous as their own horns—these, I take it, were the ones for whom the poem was primarily designed. Get it to them (and how else than by the over-gestures of the public platform could it be got to them?) and perhaps they too may develop an eye and an ear for beauty on the Santa Fe trails of life. Isn't this a legitimate function of poetry—and one of the best?

As for "The Congo," I confess that I felt more battered than exalted by Lindsay's recitation of it. But it is a poem that will bear reading and re-reading—to oneself. It is an expression of the elemental passions and spiritual gropings of a race—a race in whom laughter and tears, the artless playfulness of childhood and the nemesis of subordination and fear, are forever blended. There's a theme there; and Lindsay has treated it, not only with power but also with an imaginative sensitivity to its tragic beauty.

As I write these words, the mail brings the current number of the Literary Supplement of the London Times. The critic of the Times, voicing the broad sympathy and understanding of a far more cultivated country than ours, closes his review of Aiken's "Modern American Poets" as follows: "Mr. Lindsay stands out among Mr. Aiken's group of writers as one who is indubitably striving for the right thing. He cares first for sympathy with normal minds, the minds of those to whom he feels himself to belong. This is so unusual a thing in modern art that the first shock of it when it strikes home to us has the flavour of cant, and a certain amount of cant was probably inevitable if it was to be maintained. Yet Mr. Lindsay succeeds; and if he succeeds, it is not because he has a theory and not even because his theory is a good one, but because he does really feel so much of what he has decided he ought to feel."

"He that loseth wealth, loseth much; he that loseth friends loseth more; but he that loseth spirits loseth all." —Spanish Maxim.

## THE EXCHANGE PROFESSORSHIPS

Prof Carrothers of the U. of S. and Dean Fetherstonhaugh of the U. of M. to Visit Edmonton This Year

A system of exchange professorships has been instituted between the Universities of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Arising from a series of visits of professors between the Universities of North Dakota and Manitoba, it was suggested by the University of Manitoba that it would serve an excellent purpose in Canada to have regular visits by exchange professors between the three Universities of the Canadian West. The system of exchanges in the West has now been running for two years, and all three Universities agree on the benefits resulting, and are favouring the idea more and more. Thus far the visits have been as follows: In the session 1920-21 Professor Boyle, Professor of Physics, visited the Universities of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, followed by Professor McGibbon, Professor of Political Economy in the session 1921-22. In a few days Professor Alexander, Professor of Classics, will visit the two other Universities as Alberta exchange professor for the present session. We have received in Edmonton as exchange professors Dean Moxon, Dean of the Law Faculty of the University of Saskatchewan, and Professor O'Donohue, Professor of Zoology, from the University of Manitoba, in the session 1920-21, and in the session 1921-22 Professor Wilson, Professor of English, from the University of Saskatchewan, and Professor Clark, Professor of Classics from the University of Manitoba, in the session 1921-22.

Alberta this year will receive visits from Professor Carrothers, Professor of Economics of the University of Saskatchewan and Dean Fetherstonhaugh, Dean of the Faculty of Applied Science and Professor of Electrical Engineering, from the University of Manitoba. The visiting professors remain in Edmonton for three days, during which time they give a public address to the students of the University, the University staff and all

## VACHEL LINDSAY IS ENTERTAINED

Writers' Club Hikes With the Poet.—Lindsay Discusses 'Varsity Yells

Vachel Lindsay was the guest of the Writers' Club on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 14. Bearing in mind the "Vagabond Poet's" reputed love of the out-of-door, a hike was decided upon. The end of the trail was the cordwood tepees of "the gang" on the bank of the Saskatchewan. Here, with the party gathered around the central fire, the talk turned to discussion of the modern movement in poetry which Mr. Lindsay represents. "Why not have college yells that mean something?" he asked. "Yells that have music, poetry, and feeling," and he illustrated his point with a sailor's yell that made one feel the rolling of the deck. Mr. Lindsay holds that college yells, Indian chants, dark songs or sermons all provide excellent material for the descriptive modern poet.

At four o'clock the party hiked to the home of the hon. president, Dr. Broadus. They were served with tea by Mrs. Broadus.

members of the general public who care to attend. This occasion is treated as a formal academic event, at which members of the Faculty are present in academic costume. The visiting professor meets the staff of the University on another occasion, and also visits the class-rooms and laboratories, and meets the students of the particular University Department with which he is intimately related in his own University.

In the week of November 20th Alberta will receive Professor Carrothers. His public address will be delivered at the University in Convocation Hall, at 11.30 a.m., Thursday, November 23rd. The subject of his address will be "Emigration and the Development of the British Commonwealth." Professor Carrothers has in recent years made a special study of, and pursued researches on, this domain of Economics. Members of the general public are invited to attend his lecture. On all occasions when exchange professors from other Universities visit the University of Alberta, notice of their addresses will be given to the press.



## THE GATEWAY

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## INITIATION AGAIN

The report of the speeches made at the last meeting of the Students' Union and Hugh Teskey's letter, which appeared in the same issue of The Gateway, as well as the discussions heard in the Halls, make it quite apparent that a wrong impression has been created in the minds of at least a number of the students who have publicly or privately expressed opinions on the merits and demerits of the annual over-town initiation parades.

The motion, which caused the discussion, reads: "That the Students' Council take all steps it may deem necessary to insure that in future all downtown initiation parades are abolished and that no recognized body of students of the U. of A. be allowed to hold a parade without the previous consent of the Students' Union." It is essential that the spirit of the motion be clearly understood by everyone of us before voting on it.

As we understand it the resolution, if passed, would mean that down-town initiation parades of the form witnessed in the past few years will be abolished. At the same time provision is made for other forms of parades. But the object, form and organization of such parades will first be discussed and approved by the student body, or, perhaps, a special committee responsible to the student body. On the other hand, the resolution, if defeated, would mean that no step will have been taken by the students themselves to meet the situation. Can we afford to sit still in face of a strong public opinion expressed throughout the Province?

We have all had sufficient time to think carefully about this question and decide whether in our best judgment it would be in the interests of the University and the student body to support the above resolution.

Let us forget old prejudices and let us all turn out to the next meeting of the Students' Union and be guided by our conscience.

## STUDENT INTERESTS

Do students think? If not, why don't they? If so, what about? Overtown papers carry news of our dances, of our rugby and hockey games, of our initiations, and give prominence to reports of the 'general public's' condemnation of the life that we lead and the activities which we organize or take part in. 'General public' reads these reports of our spectacular activities, pats its generous 'general public' back, and indulges in further indignation at the expense of student reputation.

A good many years ago, Johnson wrote, "Impatience of study is the mental disease of the present generation." He probably represented the 'general public's' opinion in his age, and his students probably resented the accusation as we do. The activities for which we are condemned are not the biggest things in our lives; it is not they with which we are chiefly concerned. They only represent student recreation. For bridge, students substitute conversation; instead of poring over a society page for an hour, we play rugby or basketball. But these activities are but recesses in a week of work. We submit that a visit to the library at any hour of the day would convince the most sceptical that students have interests other than the ball-room or the gymnasium.

## FROM THE BOOK-SHELF

Edited by H. G. Teskey

(Books reviewed in this department kindly loaned by Diller's Book Store).

## NEIGHBORS

(Reviewed by H. G. Teskey)

Today when we travel across these prairies of ours, dotted with growing towns and cities, with railroads running in all directions dividing the country into small sectors, and with farm buildings everywhere denoting comfort and prosperity, we are apt to forget about these pioneer days not so long ago. In his latest novel, "Neighbors," Robert Stead brings us back to those homesteading days when the agricultural population first trooped in.

Those were strenuous perilous days, but still happy ones, to the homesteader who saw himself becoming the owner of one hundred and sixty acres of independence and all the untainted and exhilarating air necessary for a strong constitution. The hundred and sixty acres made him feel independent, and the clear, boundless atmosphere made him enjoy his independence to the fullest extent. With such a prospect and such an environment how could one help but feel contented? And what a cosmopolitan immigration it was. Of course the most were Canadians from conservative old Ontario and other eastern provinces, and Americans; but there were also many Englishmen from the Lancashire mines, Scotchmen who had learned shipbuilding on the Clyde, and Swedes from Minnesota. All came together here and, in those early days, associated with one another just as if they were of one race. It is another instance in which mental suffering, mutual de-

lights, and mutual aspirations make all men kin.

No one is better able to picture to us those days of ox teams and sod shanties than Mr. Stead. Himself a member of that pioneer squad he saw at first hand those troubles and joys that the first settlers had. He saw them arrive with proud ambitions and high hopes; he saw them prosper and realize those earliest ambitions; he saw some of them fall by the wayside with shattered hopes and ambitions still unattained—but this is not what he pictures in the book; it is only the first stage, the stage of unbounded desires with reasonable hope of fulfillment that he shows us, and this makes it such a happy novel.

The main theme of the novel is a courtship begun during childhood in Ontario and continued into homesteading days on the plains of Saskatchewan. It is the usual romantic story of love with all its ecstasies, disappointments and jealousies; and, as one would expect, it turns out right in the end.

Like a great many other novelists, Mr. Stead makes his secondary and comparatively unimportant characters the most interesting and true to life. Jake, the homesteader, is one of his best, and is the kind of a man that anyone acquainted with the habits of livery stable loungers can picture. A short, corpulent, good-natured, expectorating westerner, with a full vocabulary of western slang and a habit of using it often, is how Jake is represented. His greatest delight is playing practical jokes on green homesteaders. "It's the only way to treat 'em," Jake defended the custom of the country when I took him to task about it afterwards. "They're just

like bronchos—not worth a dang until they're broke. Then they'll work."

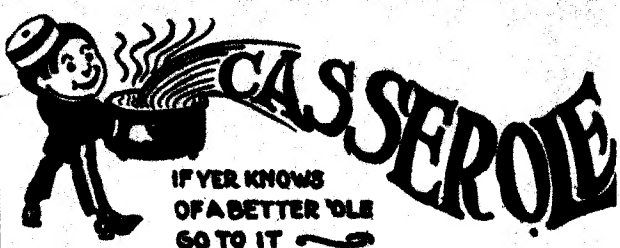
Spoof is one of those who was broken in by that hard taskmaster experience aided by Jake. But true to his English spirit he was 'game', and took all reverses in good part. He is typical of a large number of his countrymen who have done so much to increase the progress of this great western country. As Jake very aptly describes them, "Dang me! I can't explain it, but there's something in those fellows that won't go down—an' stay down."

Then there was Ole Hansen and the Russian Sneezit, and many other settlers who had established some sort of homes out on the prairie while the railroad was still thirty miles away. They were a diverse lot, but the kind that makes nations powerful. All were seeking for a better livelihood and a greater degree of independence than they had been able to acquire in their former homes.

It is a fascinating story, not so much because of the suspense it causes, but because of its realistic setting. The destiny of the lovers, the central theme, is undetermined until the last, but it does not have the same interest for the readers as the ordinary, everyday doings of the minor characters. The author has failed where he seeks to arouse emotions, but has succeeded, nevertheless, in presenting a wonderfully descriptive and entertaining story.

I think the world would go very well if we all had tongues that told our true thoughts in spite of us. But what a lot of us would be found out. My own face crimsoned at the thought. So, I think, does yours. —Alpha of the Plough.

General observations drawn from particulars are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room. —Locke.



Heard in Chem. Class

Dr. Walker.—"Now, class, this substance is used in the manufacture of fire-proof clothing. Any of you who happen to be interested in your future life had better note this!"

Even an Armistice has its casualties judging by the decorations which some of our students have been wearing in its commemoration.

Clements (enroute to Tuck Shop after his first lecture): "I tossed up this morning to see whether I would shave or have breakfast and I lost."

Dr. McGibbon was having his sixth fox-trot with the Co-ed. Suddenly he said, "I have noticed a tall young man following us with his eyes for about half an hour. Wonder what he wants?" "Oh, don't worry about him!" she replied reassuringly. "That's only the Frosh who brought me to the dance."

"I hurt my arm in that rugby game today," he remarked. "Oh!", she replied lightly, "how humerus."

## Pembina Nightmares

"Do you know, girls," a Co-ed. remarked the other day, "I dreamed last night that I saw Max Palmer, and that he had an electric light for a nose. And what do you think? He took out his handkerchief and blew it so hard that he blew the fuse out!"

## This At Least is Clean Sport

Sport fans who are getting fed up with the eastern hockey scandal had better turn their attention to swimming.

Three golfers, an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman, were about to leave the old country for a trip to Canada. They formed a pool of a pound apiece to go to the one who should bring back the article that was most representative of the whole of Canada.

The Englishman took back a pair of snowshoes, and the Irishman a young maple tree; but the money went to the Scotchman when landed home with a complete set of silver from the various C. P. R. hotels. —Maple Leaf.

WANTED—By a young gentleman from Athabasca, to meet a young lady from Pembina who has bought her ticket to the Symphony.

"I won't stick to facts this time," said to the stamp, as the student addressed a letter to his dad.

## Perhaps She Writes for The Gateway

They stood in the dark hallway. But although unseen, they were not unheard. Mother, who was upstairs, grew suspicious, and came to the head of the stairs just in time to hear Daughter say, "Oh, Jimmy, I never before realized the power of the press!"

Mother, reassured, went to bed. She was so glad to hear that Daughter was taking Journalism.

## Is This a New Dance?

Hay many Freshmen have yet learned the "Athabasca Dip." It is best performed in the small hours of the morning. Don't all speak at once, please.

## An Athabaskan Night's Entertainment

By L. H. N.

When to big books my mind does turn  
Me for some calculus to learn,  
I puff my pipe and ponder deep  
For erudition comes not cheap.

To me the holy calm of night,  
Beneath the yellow lamp's warm light,  
Is balm of Gilead for the smarts  
Of hurly-burly life in arts.

But hearken to the rising wind  
Which lifts the bulging window blind.  
It hath a dreary wail to wit;  
Yet I'll not mind it, not a bit.

Ye gods! What sound is that I hear?  
A team of horses drawing near?  
But not out in the open air:  
They're surely mounting up the stair.

I must confess I was in error  
When I shook with such fine terror.

"He" just came up and slammed his door.  
Simply that and nothing more.

The hours fly by. 'Tis two a.m.  
"Derivatives"? There's not in them  
Which may not (if they only could)  
In heaven be well understood.

O gentle Morpheus! Come, I pray,  
And bring an end to this long day.  
With fancy's wings I roared near heaven,  
But something's wrong in 27.

An Ajax come to earth again!  
Or Hercules with strength of ten,  
With battle-axe and mighty roar  
Is rushing through the panalled door.

The battle surges up and down:  
Surely there is half a town  
Battling in the hall below.  
A jolt! a crash! a howl! a blow—

I toss upon my bed of straw,  
My feelings torn twixt rage and awe.  
Perhaps I truly have reached hell.  
But joy! There is the rising bell.

## CORRESPONDENCE

Editor of The Gateway,

Sir:—In your issue of Nov. 14 appeared an article from the "Western Gazette," dealing with European Student Relief. On reading it the question naturally arose, "Was it written by a student?" If so had he ever had difficulty financing himself at college? Probably not, for it is always those who have been in need who can appreciate and sympathize with the needs of others.

There are hundreds of students today in Canadian Universities who through their own or parental efforts have no difficulty in making ends meet, even having plenty of extra money. Are these the ones who would be the first to support a similar fund for Canadian students? No! It is invariably the sufferer who sympathizes with the suffering. Others in their supreme egoism have no conception of what the word "suffering" may mean. Those in this country who have had to stay out of college a year or so for monetary reasons can better imagine the unspeakable conditions of students in Central Europe. They realize that here, some work is usually available, and that when money is earned it has some value. Imagine paying 10,000,000 roubles for one textbook! A sum which would have kept him in food for several weeks.

In Russia, Austria, and the new republics of Europe students work all day, take lectures in the evening or early morning, and sleep in heatless rooms with insufficient clothing on one meal a day. Two or three students share one suit of clothes. They have been seen wearing pyjamas (not on initiation parade) sleeping in cemeteries, and eating bark and leaves. As students, how long would our enthusiasm last under such conditions?

It may be asked, "Why do they try to study under such conditions? Would they not be better off working at the reconstruction of their nations?" The answer is simple. For successful reconstruction trained men in every walk of life are needed as leaders. Since those who were tarined were largely killed off during the war there is a dearth of specialists. Hence it is to the present generation of students that the countries must look for doctors, engineers, agriculturists, teachers, and technologists. Therefore the students are really taking what will be the shortest route in the end, they are preparing themselves for the great work of Reconstruction.

The crying need is for national leaders. The students realize this. They are full of zeal for their several countries, and they are undoubtedly the great hope of Central Europe.

TED GOWAN,  
Chairman Social Service Committee of the S.C.M.  
University of Alberta,  
Nov. 16, 1922.

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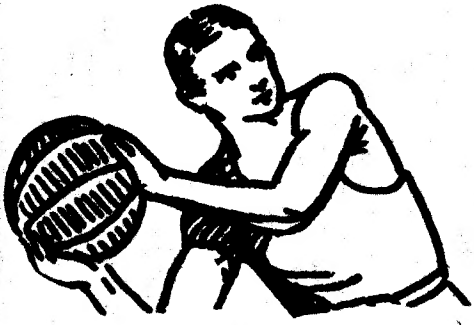
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NIGHT. ARE YOUR DUDS  
READY? LOOK THEM OVER  
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# SPORTS



Edited by Clare Manning

## Varsity Holds Edmonton Elks 21-9

### DIXON AND BAKER WIN MIXED DOUBLES

Defeat Miss Berry and Don Allen in Finals Tuesday Afternoon

Varsity tennis wound up last Tuesday afternoon when Polly Dixon and Bob Baker defeated Helen Beny and Don Allen in the finals of the mixed doubles, 6-4, 6-1. Mrs. Dixon and Baker had the edge on the match throughout. The first set brought out the best tennis of the games, while in the last set Allen was off his game, driving into the net repeatedly. Baker played championship tennis all the way. Mrs. Dixon played particularly well on her drives. Miss Beny put up a good game and handled the net. She was at a distinct disadvantage in the second set using a strange racket, after having broken her own. Don Allen, the singles champ, while off his usual form, shone at times. The champions for 1922 are: Ladies' singles, Jean Folkins. Gent's singles, Don Allen. Mixed doubles, Polly Dixon, Bob Baker.

### THE UNKNOWN GOD

Far up the dim twilight fluttered Moth-wings of vapour and flame; The lights danced over the mountains, Star after star they came.

The lights grew thicker unheeded, For silent and still were we. Our hearts were drunk with a beauty Our eyes could never see. A. E. (Anthology of Modern Verse.)

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### RUGBY CLUB FINISHES A SUCCESSFUL SEASON

Saturday last saw the finish of a season of rugby that may well go down in the history of athletics as glorious. Even the most optimistic could not venture to hope for the results that have been achieved.

Starting out on a new era, an era of inter-varsity rugby, with practically no team that could be called a unit, the boys of the University have produced a team that we may well be proud of.

Under the excellent tutelage of Jimmy Bill, four enthusiastic teams were produced representing all the faculties.

From all of these we were able to pick the team which won the inter-varsity honors from Saskatchewan and gave the Elks the biggest jolt they have received this season. Under the prudent leadership of Bill Jewett and his aide, Pip Owen, and with the help of those whole-hearted students who have sold tickets and lent their cars, we may, with hopes to do even better next year, write FINIS.

### ED. NORMAL WINS FROM ALBERTA COLLEGE S.

Thursday Normal School took the return game from Alberta College South on the Varsity grid, by the close score of one to nothing. Both teams played close rugby for the full time and it was with one minute to go that Gomeroy punned over the A. C. line to Glass who was roused.

Gomeroy at quarter, starred for Normal, while on the A. C. line up many of the Varsity inter-faculty players were working, namely, Glass, Gross, Mahaffy, Gale and Klingmann. Glass worked well in the back field and did the punting for the College.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up. —Garfield.

### Elks Forced To Limit Win Game From Varsity

Western Canada Champs Were Outplayed in the First Half But Won in Second With Their Line Plunging

VARSETY LEADS 9-4 AT HALF TIME

McNeill and Leppard Shine for Varsity.—Savage Puts a Drop Over.—Snowy Field Causes Much Fumbling

To be beaten by the renowned Elks 21-9 is no disgrace, but to run up nine points before the Elks tallied once, and to be ahead 9-4 at the end of the first half is some honor for the Varsity rugby squad. Playing their best game in the first periods Varsity took advantage of the Elks' fumbling on the snowy field and took the majority of the play. For thirty minutes Alberta made yards on four occasions, while the best the Elks could do was twice.

#### How Varsity Made Their Points

In the first quarter Varsity had the ball on the Elks' 25 yard line. Savage went on for the third down and dropped the ball over the bar. In the second session McNeill broke around the Elks' wing, shook off a half dozen men and went over for the Varsity touchdown. Coupez made a neat convert from near the sidelines.

Shortly afterwards Fraser dropped-kicked over from the Alberta 20 yards, and just as the whistle blew for half time Fraser punned to McNeill, who fumbled behind his line, but recovered and was roused. Half time: Varsity, 9; Elks, 4.

#### Last Half

It was in the second periods that the Elks resorted to their line plunging game and put over their three touches. Dorman accounted for two of these when he bucked over the line, while Fraser got his after a thirty yard run through a field. Two of the touches were converted. Final score: Elks, 21; Varsity, 9.

A summary shows in the last half that Elks fumbled 6 to the Varsity two. Elks made yards 11, Varsity once. Each team was penalized once for off-sides.

Frequent fumbles caused by the slippery field loosened the play up on both teams. For the Elks, Fraser

and Dorman played their usual games. Jack McAllister at quarter handled the team on the offensive. In the second half Dorman broke away for a thirty-five yards and was kept from a touch by a neat tackle of Leppard's. Jack Fraser went over for one of the touches after 25 yards through a field.

McNeill was the bright light on the Varsity squad. He did the punting and broke through the Elks for a touch. Leppard chalked up two 25 yard dashes. Lamb and Palmer were good on the defensive.

#### The teams lined up:

Varsity	Elks
Whitman	McColl
Atkinson	Shieman
Wrinch	Duke
Lamb	Palmer
McLaren	Carrigan
Coupez	Creighton
Palmer	Dorman
MacAulay	Burnett
Bissett	McAllister
Leppard	Fraser
McNeill	Fraser
Bright	Dunsworth
Gale	Brown
Madill	Yancey
Watts	Spence

Referee: Stewart Fraser.  
Umpire: Parney.  
Lines: Enright and Wintemute.

### BASKET BALL WILL START THIS WEEK

Practices Commence.—Hours Will Be Announced.—Many Teams Will Be Out

#### EX. GAME WITH OLD-TIMERS

Four Games Planned Before Christmas.—All New Men Requested to Turn Out

With the closing of the rugby season, and the completion of the test exams, basketball season is about to start with the prospects of the best year Varsity has had.

Three star performers from last year's aggregation, which won the Northern Alberta championship, will be among the missing, namely George Young, stellar centre man, Dick Conrad, defence man, and Ken Case, forward. But this year we will have the services of Elwood Butchart, well known to all old timers for his prowess and deadly accuracy under the basket. Parney, last year's captain, will be back in the game, faster than ever, and when Butchart and Parney work together on any team a better combination will not be found in Canada.

Keith Muir, handsome as ever, will be back to give the ladies a treat and engineer rushes results of which will be shown on the scoreboard. Tesky, the stalwart guard from last year will be a big source of worry to opposing forwards, and when they pass this boy they deserve the score.

Bert Nickar, a star of two years ago, when Alberta annexed the provincial and Western Canada championships, will be out to give a creditable account of himself.

After he gets through educating the Easterners on playing quarter-back in rugby, our old friend John McAllister will be out to play around with the basketball. Jack was on the squad when they were provincial champs.

Jimmy Bill, our all-round reliable

### BASKETBALL STARTS IN HOUSE LEAGUE

All Basketball Men Should Turn in Names to Committee.—Season to Start Immediately

Plans for House League basketball are under way, under the capable hands of Joe O'Brien. Every year this branch of athletics takes a big part in the life of the student during the winter months. Last season two leagues were organized with 2 teams in each. In the playoff at the end of the year between the league leaders Geo. Haworth's aggregation won out.

This year Mr. O'Brien intends having the bunch out by the end of the month and a series going before Christmas. Everyone interested in basketball should hand in their name to Mr. O'Brien, Will Blair, Harold Ferguson, Anton Bures or P. Matson before Wednesday.

coach, who led the rugby squad to victory, is sure to mould the above good material into the smoothest and fastest working piece of basketball machinery that fans have ever seen in this part of the world. He is the same Jimmy who trained our championship teams in previous years.

It is the idea of the basketball club to have three or four exhibition games before Christmas, giving teams experience and letting the fans see the team in action. The first game will be in the near future between Varsity old-timers, viz.: Elwood Butchart, George Parney, Ken Crozier, Rus. Love and Jack McAllister, and the Varsity team.

Other exhibition games will be arranged with city organizations as the season goes on. Any men who have played basketball and would like to turn out are very very welcome. Practice hours will be announced later. If you don't play come out and boost. Lets make it the best basketball year we have ever had.

Hullo, old top—new car? No, new top, old car.

#### THE LID OFF

We tried to hold 'em down a bit longer but the new styles simply bubbled out on us. All the new Winter caps that we have been getting ready and you've been waiting to see are here for you to look at and you'll surely see one you will want to own.

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### GYM-JAMS—By Sealer

The Elks sure had the practice that they were after Saturday afternoon when they tangled with Varsity. Some of the Elks would enjoy a little different type of a workout.

Deac White must have told the boys off at half time. They had that worried look in the third session.

It needed everything they had, even to the "Great" Yancey to get the points.

Batsone McNeill had his constitutional Saturday afternoon when he pulled off the odd dashes with a few Elks draped on his limbs.

Little Aubrey's worried look disappeared when he noticed that Yancey was on the sidelines when the game started.

Jack Buchanan has been on the sick list during the past week but is around again now.

Jack Buchanan has Stothers and Barker working out three nights on Portage Ave. on the north side, in preparation for the Herald road race in Calgary at Christmas. Both men are putting in training at the Varsity every evening, and take the heavy work on the big avenue on the other side of the river. Jack Buchanan has eyes on another lad at the Varsity that may be used in the big run.

Shieman sat too long on one of Steve Atkinson's ribs. Bent it pretty badly.

The Fresh Ags broke into Varsity hockey circles Thursday afternoon when they gave the rink the once over. They once it over with the shovels and rakes. The weeds and the hay was razed off in fine style.

Batsone McNeill wishes it announced that from this date on he has officially discarded Siki as a moniker. His action in this respect is prompted by the suspension of the famous Senegalese battler by the French Boxing federation.

Savage was used Saturday to handle the drop kicking. His knee kept him out of the full game.

Bob Lamb had the fun in tackling Jack MacAllister.

Leppard wouldn't be in form unless he took a few 80 yard runs in a game. Doesn't matter much whether it is the Elks or in the Inter-faculty league.

The hockey season will be under way about the end of the week. Jimmy Smith promises ice at his South Side rink and Varsity wants all the gang who know the hockey game to turn out for the first practice. Further details will be posted.

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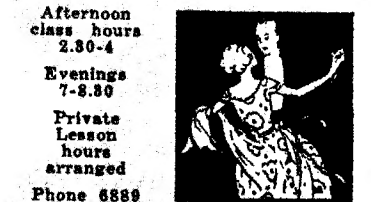
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## INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT

### APPLIED SCIENCE Cogs From the Cogwheel

A meeting of the Applied Science Society was held in Room 142 Arts on Nov. . . The meeting was purely a business meeting. It was decided to levy a fee of fifty cents to finance the Science hockey team. It was also decided to accept the invitation issued by the Engineering Institute of Canada, to attend their meeting on last Wednesday evening.

May we be permitted to make a remark concerning the above business. The year representatives are collecting the above fee, which is payable before the opening of the hockey season. This fee won't break anyone's pocket book. Don't drive the year representative crazy with arguments: pay up. There is still plenty of room in 142 Arts. Try to get out to the meetings. We need everyone present.

Another reminder about the inter-faculty hockey. If you play hockey tell Wilf. Lawton about it. Don't wait until the winter is over. Tell him now. Keep your eye on the inter-faculty cup.

Quite a few fellows turned out to the E. C. meeting on Wednesday. Our revered president made quite a snappy speech in replying to the welcome extended by the Society. Ash Bros. still have about fifteen of the Science pins on hand. This is a last reminder.

### EXPANSION OF GASES

(From a Chemistry Lab. Book)  
**Apparatus.**—250 cc flask.

**Materials.**—Axe, matches, gasoline, dynamite, nitroglycerin.

**Procedure.**—Drop lit matches into gasoline. This is to see if it supports combustion. If so, measure distance it raised you in mm.

Next determine boiling point by placing 10 cc in a beaker over a bunsen burner. Move a lighted splint over the gas to see how close you can come to it without igniting. Measure distance. All results should be neatly tabulated.

Clean up all apparatus and desk in order to avoid black marks, and proceed.

Note the physical properties of dynamite. Pound a small piece into a flat shape and jump on it. Chop the dynamite into pieces 1 mm. in length with the axe, or the result will be inaccurate. Put dynamite into a flask of 25 cc. capacity and add 100 cc. gasoline and 100 cc. of nitroglycerin. Move a lighted splint around bottom of beaker. This is to see if it leaks.

If you are still in good health, boil for 15 minutes and decant.

After the blood has been mopped up from the aisle, and the remains of your fellow workers sent to the morgue, clean up your desk and from your tabulated results calculate the amount of dynamite necessary to blow the eye-brows off a Pembinita.

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## CUPS OF TEA AND OTHER THINGS

**Enthusiasm—Spread It**  
Hail! All hail to ye enthusiasts of outdoor sports! Have you had the thrill of skimming across McKernan's Lake, or the City Park rink on shining steel blades? If not, you are letting golden opportunities slip by and missing the most enjoyable and invigorating recreations of this glorious autumn weather with its slight twinge of ice and snow. Just think a minute! Why let those "automobiles" and "tubes" lie in a dusty old box or cupboard while you sit idly on a soda fountain stool at the Tuck, discussing the Toronto-Queen's game, over a cup of coffee. Youths of Assiniboia and Athabasca did you ever try to guess how many skating enthusiasts in Pembina are missing these same golden opportunities. Enthusiasm is contagious—try spreading it!

**A Unique Hike**  
Perhaps one of the most unique entertainments ever given a celebrated guest at the University of

Alberta was the "hike" given last Tuesday afternoon by the Writers' Club for the "Vagabond Poet," Vachel Lindsay. The club members, Miss Barbara Villy (the only lady member), Kemper Broadus, J. T. Jones, G. Salter, Dan Reilly, Leonard Huskins and Wilfred Wees, had the pleasure of showing the poet some of the wonderful woodland along the Saskatchewan river, and after a short tramp, the party visited the rustic winter camp of Kemper Broadus and some fellow hikers, and there around a cheerful fire, enjoyed the intimate association with their distinguished fellow writer. On their return the hikers partook of delicious refreshments with Dr. and Mrs. Broadus. Later the Vagabond Poet assured the club of the memory he would ever hold of this afternoon with them.

Miss Dodd has recovered from a severe cold and is able to resume her Math. lectures and her duties in Pembina.

## THE HART HOUSE LITTLE THEATRE

Finest of Its Size on Continent.—  
Ray Mitchell Great  
Director

The Dramatic Society had the honor of introducing R. Mitchell to the University of Alberta. Those who heard him will forget neither the man nor his art. Those who missed him, missed infinitely more than they can realize. His very appearance was magnetic and held the audience spell bound as we realized how amazingly vital in thought and expression he is.

His career has been extremely varied but suffice it to say that in addition to his intense interest in the theatre, he has done much newspaper work in the United States and Canada. It was while he was doing this work in San Francisco that Massey, the founder of Hart House Theatre, Toronto, came and asked him to take charge of the directing of his new theatre. Hart House kept him for two years and during that time he made the theatre the recognized epitome of art, that is good in the theatrical world.

Perhaps a description of this official theatre of the University of Toronto would prove interesting to those who are not already acquainted with it.

The auditorium seats "only some five hundred, while the stage is very large, built with an "apron" extending well into the auditorium. This "apron" has been effectively used in producing "The Alchemist" by Johnson, and "Love's Labour Lost." The lighting facilities for a theatre of its size are without equal on the continent. In fact the whole theatre is unique because it is operated solely to further the art of the drama rather than to cater to popular taste.

The program for each year always contains a Greek drama, preferably tragedy, a Shakespearean play, a modern European play, plays by contemporary Canadian or British authors, and an early English comedy. Each play is preceded by an explanatory lecture.

During Mr. Mitchell's time at this theatre the music was composed and arranged by H. Willan, organist at St. Paul's and president of Toronto Conservatory of Music. The scenes were arranged by Lismer and Jackson of the Canadian School of Art. The papier mache work was done by Jocelyn Taylor. Roy Mitchell strove and succeeded in making each department put forth work of the highest order.

Never can enough be said of the quality of Mr. Mitchell's work. He was technical director, scenic artist, electrician, property man—inspiration. Each part of each production received his personal attention. His energy was boundless and his interest unflagging. Let us look forward to the not-too-far-off future when the University of Alberta will have such a director and such a home for drama.

### SOME INTERESTING FACTS

1. In the human body there is fat enough to make seven bars of soap.
2. Iron enough to make a medium sized nail.
3. Sugar enough to fill a shaker.
4. Lime enough to white wash a chicken coop.
5. Phosphorus enough to make 2200 match tips.
6. Magnesium enough for an ordinary dose.
7. Potassium enough to explode a toy cannon.
8. Sulphur enough to rid a dog of fleas.

—Western U. Gazette.

## RADIO PRINCIPLES AT RADIO CLUB

Cordial Invitation Extended to  
All to Attend Interesting  
Meetings of Baby Club

A meeting of the Varsity Radio Club was held on Wednesday, Nov. 15th. There was a small, but enthusiastic turnout, and the lecture given by Tommy Fisher was listened to with deep interest. The lecture was on the general principles underlying radio, and included a description of simple sending and receiving apparatus. Tommy Fisher also spoke of the vacuum tube and its uses in a general way. The following is a list of subjects to be discussed at future meetings of the Club:

- Nov. 22—Aerials.
- Nov. 29—Inductance and Capacity.
- Dec. 6—The theory of the Oscillation Valve.

Everybody interested in this work is cordially invited to these meetings.

**JUNIOR YEAR MEETING**  
The Junior Class held its second annual meeting of the year in Room 212, Arts, Tuesday, November 14, 1922, at 4:30 p.m. President John Cassels was in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary-treasurer and adopted as read.

In the absence of Barbara Villy, Mr. McKay reported that a play had been selected and a try-out was to be held to choose the actors. He urged that anyone with dramatic ability should turn out. It was then moved by Mac Millard and seconded by Mr. McKay that steps should be taken to secure a larger grant from the Dramatic Society as the present sum is inadequate.

President Cassels reported that the Junior Prom, would be handled by a sub-committee of the executive, composed of Helen Beny and Mac Millard and that the date set for the dance was December the 8th.

It was moved by Bruce Macdonald and seconded by Bill Demille that, since the class had guaranteed the year-book, a financial statement of it be read to the class, and that the executive have charge of the class' share in the next year-book.

## THE ORIGINS OF OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

The earliest English schools were naturally enough the creations of ecclesiastics. Oxford had risen around the monastery of St. Frideswide, but Cambridge was remote from the Abbey of Crowland or the monastery at Ely, and so monks had to be sent to her. Early in the twelfth century Geoffrey of Orleans, Abbot of Crowland, sent his monks, and in doing so may perhaps have been the pioneer of Cambridge. All this time Oxford was developing, the influx from Paris being sufficient to impose the organization of the French University upon the growing school of St. Frideswide. No one knows who the students were. The first recorded name at Oxford is a Nicholas, a Hungarian. The most prominent scholars of the time seem for the most part to have graduated at Paris.

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